

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

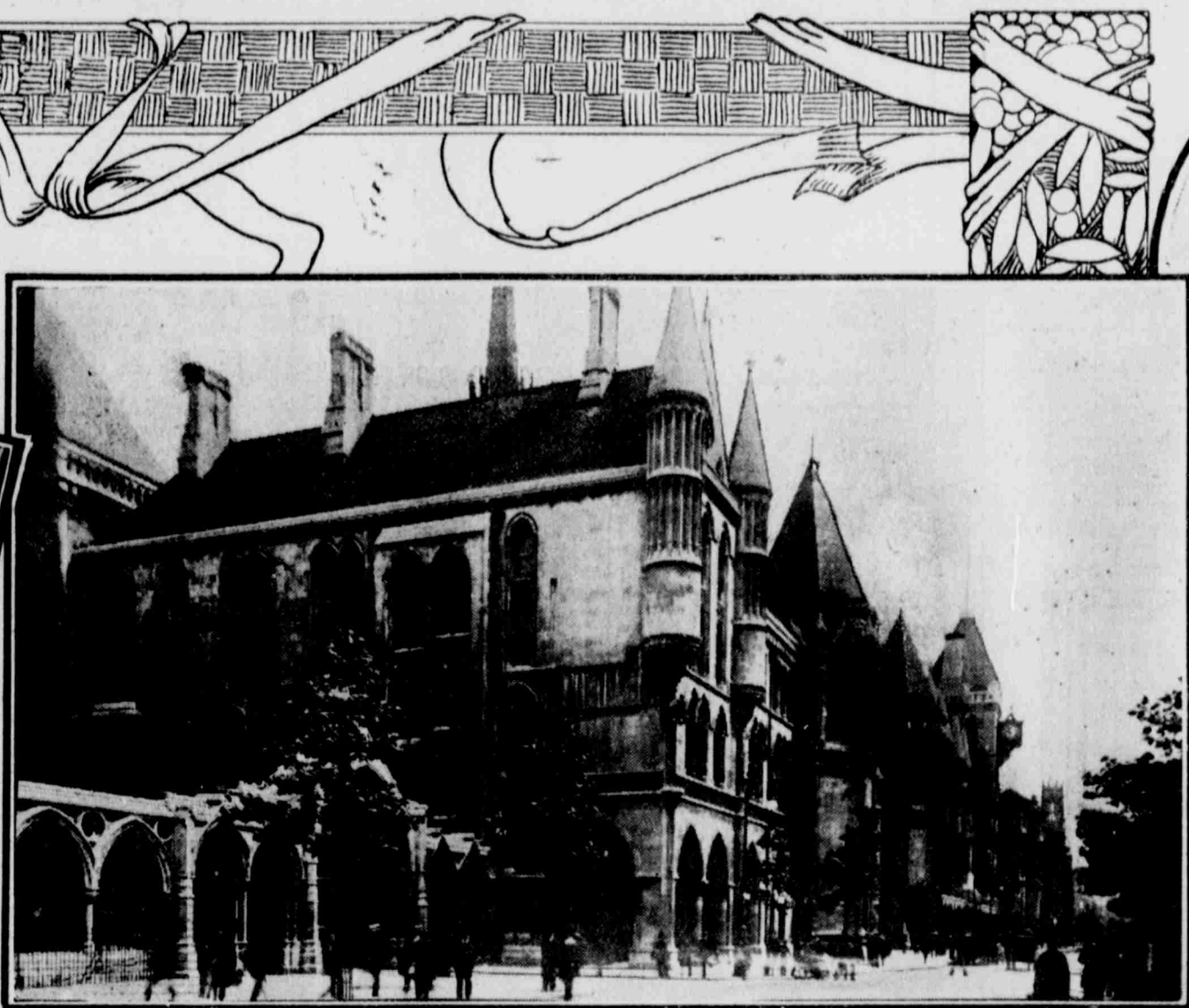


Gennaro Guocolo, Camorra's Victim

Chief of the Camorra



John Paget Mellor, Man Who prevents Divorces



The Royal Courts of Justice in the Strand, London



Sir Samuel Evans, President of English Divorce Court

Maria Cutinelli Guocolo.



Photos by Thomas

Mysterious Official Whose Duty is To Prevent Divorce

(Special Correspondence.)
LONDON, July 21.—In America when a law becomes unworkable on account of its age and the changing conditions of civilization, or from some other reason, the people either calmly ignore it and allow it to sink into desuetude or they go to their legislature and have it changed. In England about a similar state of affairs comes about the people usually grumble about it for a generation or two. Then they begin to ask questions in parliament and finally a royal commission is appointed to inquire into the whole business. The commission holds an immense number of sittings, takes reports upon reports of evidence and publishes a whole library of reports. After the lapse of a few more years these reports are digested and parliament gets around in its leisurely way to abolishing or amending the law in question.

This process is going on now in relation to the English divorce law. Most Englishmen have been agreed for years that the divorce law is antiquated and that a change is needed, and now they have got to the royal commission stage. A number of eminent persons, holding elaborate portfolios from the king, are sitting daily and examining everything that is supposed to know anything about the working of the divorce law, and a good many who know nothing but who have some fad to air, on the state of the law and what they think ought to be done to put it right. Among the other members of the commission are two women, Lady Frances Balfour and Mrs. J. H. Tennant and these ladies have to sit day after day listening to evidence, a great deal of which is quite unprintable.

THE KING'S PROCTOR.
The commission so far has elicited a lot of interesting information, but about the most interesting thing that it has brought forth is the existence of the king's proctor. Perhaps it is hardly fair to say that the commission has discovered the existence of this personage, for a good many people know in a vague sort of way that there was such an official and some persons who had been foul of the strict regulations governing divorce in this country had good reason to know, but what his functions were has been a mystery even to lawyers. It took at least half a dozen sittings before the king's proctor was brought into existence at that time, however, and the most that my legal friends could do for me was to surmise that he was a survival from the middle ages, that he had original duties, but that his duties had lapsed and that in 1860 when the law makers were hunting round to find a man to safeguard the purity of divorce they fixed on the king's proctor.

As a person who had nothing to do and gave him the job.

DUTIES OF THE PROCTOR.
Since then, however, the mystery surrounding this personage has continued to grow. No one has ever seen him in court, although it is announced every now and again that owing to the intervention of the king's proctor judges have decided not to make absolute a decree nisi. A "decree nisi" means a "decree unless" and is the preliminary form in which every decree of divorce is granted in England. It means that if no additional evidence is forthcoming within six months from the date of the decree it will be made absolute and the parties will be free to marry again. The additional evidence, which may be to the effect that there has been collusion between the plaintiff and defendant in the divorce suit, or that the complaining party has not been leading a strictly blameless life either before the petition or during the probationary period, is usually furnished by the king's proctor, but he is furnished to the judge in chambers and is never presented to the jury. All the public knows about it is that the judge has seen fit to refuse to confirm the decree.

I succeeded, however, in tracing this mysterious official to his lair and finding out something about him. The present holder of the office is J. P. Mellor and he gets a salary of \$10,000 a year. He has an assistant proctor at \$5,000 and a staff of clerks to help him and he has an office at the treasury in Whitehall. He is supposed to inquire into every undefended divorce suit and for this purpose he can call on the detective staff at Scotland yard. This is why people who think they have fixed up a nice friendly little divorce case which will go through without trouble and publicity are surprised to find themselves shadowed by shrewd-looking men in the most unofficial of plain clothes but with extremely broad toes boots, and later on to find that someone or other has informed the judge that they really were quite friendly and didn't need a severance of the marriage bond at all. It may also explain to husbands who think that they have secured their freedom from their wives and who have celebrated the occasion by spending an evening in gay company, why the divorce decree that they were so sure of failed to materialize.

ALWAYS PROMPTED.
As a matter of fact, however, the king's proctor seldom moves himself. He is usually set in motion by somebody or some person who is interested in the case. Thus a wife who has been adjudged by a jury of unfaithfulness and against whom a decree has been pronounced may set the king's proctor on the track of her complaining spouse, with the result that the judge decides that he is as bad as she and not entitled to relief. Or a spiteful neighbor may break up a nice little arrangement for a change of partners in a friendly and unostentatious way by dropping a line to the king's proctor which has the same effect as dropping a stone into a nicely adjusted piece of machinery. These facts why the king's proctor is such a reticent individual. His works are secret and publicity would be a bar to his usefulness. Being essentially a detective official, the less there is known about him the better.

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ITALIAN CAMORRA LEADERS TO BE TRIED FOR MURDER

Light Will Be Thrown on the Methods of the Mysterious Secret Society that Has Ruled Italy by Criminal Methods, and Incidentally the Murderers of Lieutenant Petrosino of the New York Police May be Brought to Justice.

(Special Correspondence.)
NAPLES, July 19.—America as well as Italy will be deeply interested in a criminal trial which will come on in the courts near this city some time in August, for it is expected that many revelations will be made concerning that mysterious secret society, the Camorra, and incidentally light may be thrown on the murder of Lieut. Petrosino of the New York police, while he was investigating the Italian connections of the American Black Hand society. What at first appeared an ordinary crime for gain or revenge has come to be a struggle between the Camorra of Naples and the forces of law and order.

One morning a little servant girl, who slept at her own home, rang as usual the bell of her mistress's apartment, which was not answered. This, however, caused her no surprise, as when her master and his wife, Gennaro and Maria Cutinelli Guocolo, had been out late at night, they often overslept themselves the next morning. She returned later and, silence following her efforts, became alarmed and called in the police, who broke in and found Signora Guocolo dead in her bedroom, her body bearing dozens of knife wounds. Her jewelry was missing and apparently it was a vulgar crime for gain.

And the woman's husband, where was he? Had he murdered her after a quarrel and escaped? That question was answered within the hour, when news came that the body of a man had been discovered in a lonely street at Torre del Greco, on the outskirts of Naples, with 40 knife wounds in his body and that he had been identified as Gennaro Guocolo.

HIS DEATH WARRANT.
Guocolo was a vigorous man of about 40, with chestnut hair, and light mustache, and was always most elegantly dressed. At the time of his death he was clothed in a dark blue suit, had rose colored silk underclothing and black silk socks. The only thing found in his pockets was a silver watch, a penny and a handkerchief. In his hand he clutched a common table knife, evidently placed there after death. He belonged to a wealthy and honest family, his father being a leather merchant, but he from a youth showed a disposition toward the unhealthy side of life. He went from bad to worse and one night, meeting Maria Cutinelli, unconsciously signed his death warrant, both morally and physically.

Maria began life amid the crime of the streets, passing from one house of ill fame to another, from one vicious lover to another, until she had become part and parcel of the Camorra, knowing its secrets, protecting it and by it protected. She at once began her arts upon the weak character of Guocolo, acquiring such a supremacy over him that when the fancy came to her to be married he dared not refuse, and she became his legal wife. Thus the Guocolo couple in the course of time rose to be the instigators and moving spirits

In most of the great crimes of Naples, but his part being to plan, not to execute, he was seldom disturbed by the police in his work.

On the night of the murder a small supper party was conspicuous by its light-hearted mirth and good fellowship at an inn called Mini a Mare, about 100 feet from the body of their dead friend, Gennaro Guocolo. These two events? The police authorities thought there was, and after investigations the merry party were all arrested. Naples was in an uproar, the decent part of the population through fear and disgust, and the criminal part through fury at their chiefs being caught. The arrest brought on the scene four other well known men, popularly supposed to rule the Camorra: Enrico Alfano, better known as Ericone, his brother Cirio, Gennaro Ibelli and Giovanni Rapi.

HEAD OF CAMORRA.
Ericone was a personage in his way. Of apparently unlimited wealth, he was the head of the Camorra and the most powerful man in the province of Naples. His arrest filled the papers for weeks, but no evidence could be procured, and after less than two months he and his friends were released. The acquittal of these men apparently ended the affair and crime and the Camorra, once more hand in hand, forgot so trivial an incident, and thus were caught napping at the critical moment.

Unknown to them the investigations were placed in the hands of the carabinieri, a military body of the finest men in Italy, so that one day the criminals of the Queen City of the Mediterranean woke up to find their chiefs again in prison, their protectors, the police, trembling for their own liberty, and the authorities with overwhelming evidence in their possession. The only ray of light was that Ericone had eluded arrest and could not be found, but even this comfort was not of long duration as he was recognized and denounced in New York, and eventually extradited to Italy. This fact indirectly led to the death of Petrosino, as it was he who secured the slippery Ericone, and it was to avenge the arrest that the Italo-American detective was assassinated in Palermo. Ericone is now waiting, with the others, the trial for the double Guocolo murder, which will take place at Viterbo in August.

BOTH "SUPPRESSED."
The evidence gathered by the carabinieri, as far as is known, goes to show that Ericone, known as Cuocolo, denounced him in an anonymous letter to the Camorra as a traitor and as he had plenty of enemies, it was decided to "suppress" both him and his wife.

The collection of the necessary evidence by the carabinieri, and especially by Serg. Capezuto, reads like a romance. One hot, sleepy morning in June, Serg. Capezuto was in his office alone and dozing, when a man drove up and asked to see the commandant. Irritated at having his rest disturbed, and not much liking the look of his visitor, he said shortly that the commandant was out. The man hesitated, scratched his head, and then ventured, "Can I speak to you with safety?"

"Of course! Why?" was the reply. After a few moments' silence the different stranger then said, "Do you remember the Guocolo murder?" Capezuto at once on the qui vive did not allow himself to show any interest and answered impatiently, "What a question to ask! What has that got to do with us?"

"I—I am a friend of justice."

"That may be but I do not see the point."

"If you would like to know—"

"Ah! Then you know?"

"Nothing, but there is one who could speak!"

With a shrug of disbelief Capezuto exclaimed, "Why do you not go to the police with this unlikely story?"

"I have, but they put me out. Go to the ——— prison and there is one there who can speak." Refusing to say another word he drove off out of our story.

FINDS HIS MAN.
Capezuto had heard quite sufficient. The next day he had been at the prison, found his man, and learned from him that if he could make a certain Gennaro Abatemaggio talk, he would soon know the whole story.

The sergeant promptly sacrificed his heavy mustache, changed into worn and shabby clothes, and went to a small town where an acquaintance of his was local head of the Camorra. After gaining the man's confidence, he represented to him that he was tired of so transient life and decided to go to Naples, with letters of introduction to the Camorra there. Then began the dangerous and difficult part of his quest. He was hand and glove with the most desperate and clever criminals in Italy, and at the same time communicating and frequently conferring with his superiors. With him were associated four other carabinieri, his courageous as himself, all working for the same end.

In the beginning he appeared very seldom at the meetings of his new companions, and taking no part in the discussions, gradually felt his way, but as they grew more accustomed to him he went on more and more, and eventually, often finding himself alone or with one companion in the midst of 50 or 60 criminals, some of whom disliked and distrusted him. One false step or sign of hesitation and he would have been murdered with less mercy than a dog.

GAINS CONFIDENCE.
This went on for two months, by which time he was tolerated and even liked by the Camorra. The Camorristi had been unmolested in their crimes, so they argued that he could not be a spy. In these months he continually met Gennaro Abatemaggio and became convinced that he really did hold the key to the position.

Abatemaggio was only 19, a coachman by profession, small, vulgar and stupid looking, the son and brother of criminals. An assassin, thief and bully by heredity, he lacked courage and for this was despised by his companions.

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Now for Aeroplane Honeymoons and Special Bridal Automobiles

(Special Correspondence.)
LONDON, July 20.—Since Viscountess Maudslowe and Viscountess Acheson decided to take their respective honeymoons motoring, every smart prospective bride wants to do likewise. The result is that there is now on the market a new automobile which is called "the bride's car," a magnificently equipped vehicle with the most perfect and luxurious fittings. It is usually upholstered in white or pale fawn leather with fittings of silver gilt after the order of that given by Mr. Anthony Drexel to his daughter for a wedding present, and now every fashionable bride-to-be wants a motor car like it.

Lady Maudslowe, who is passionately fond of flowers, had several vases fixed in hers and when the spirit moved her during her travels in Wales or on the Continent she stopped on the roads and plucked wild blossoms, for she is even fonder of these than of the glorious hothouse blooms which the majority of American women love so dearly.

I hear that Princess Albert Radziwill—Miss Dorothy Deacon that was—pined for an aeroplane honeymoon and was hurt that the prince did not see his way to gratify her whim. She has flown several times on the continent and is wildly enthusiastic over the sport. It was put to her that for an aeroplane honeymoon she would not require any beautiful gowning, but she replied that she could wait until she returned from the trip to purchase them.

WILD EXCITEMENT.
Perhaps this wish of the bride in some measure explains the indecent haste with which her trousseau was ordered. Some of her gowns did not arrive until she was at the church being married, and others are not yet finished. The whole day before the wedding she was trying on garments. This explained the pallor and fatigue in her lovely face at the ceremony. When she was finally departing for her honeymoon it was found that neither her hat nor gloves to wear with her going away dress had arrived. The wildest excitement prevailed. A special messenger was dispatched and the missing articles procured. But the bride and bridegroom lost their train and they had to dodge about London for hours not knowing what to do with themselves. They ended by motoring all the way to Folkestone and crossing next day to Paris.

The Duchess of Marlborough is greatly disgusted with the extravagance of some of her countrywomen and is trying to set them an example by wearing this season the simplest little frocks. In the mornings she may be seen in cotton and muslin gowns which though delightfully dainty have cost only a few dollars each. Her afternoon and evening toilettes are equally quiet and unpretentious. Her hats are of legal straw with a band of ribbon and a buckle—the kind of hat which might be worn by a smart French woman with a limited income. Never once in this season was the duchess seen in the enormous "chapeau a la mode," completed by masses of black or white ostrich feathers which run into figures varying from \$75 to \$200. Since court mourning was decreed a string of the renowned Vanderbilt pearls forms all

the jewelry the duchess favors. People are asking what all this simplicity means?

So far her grace's example has not been followed. Her countrywomen are more luxurious in their tastes than ever. They are just mad, dress mad. I heard an American woman say the other day:

"I could starve, but I could not do without beautiful frocks and hats. They are about the only things worth having."

AMERICAN PICKINGS.
A good percentage of the most exclusive shops in London now depend upon the luxurious American for patronage. "They will pay anything for a garment if they believe it is really out and out chic." I have been told again and again. These women will only go to the most expensive shops. They have no use for any others. Nor will they look at anything unless it is abnormally priced.

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, the Duchess of Marlborough's mother, has just arrived here. She will as usual stay at Sunderland house where her daughter has fitted up for her some time ago a most luxurious office. In this beautiful "den," with its antique Persian carpet and oriental furniture, Mrs. Belmont interviews all sorts and conditions of women. The woman question fascinates her almost as much as it does the duchess, who, although she has not declared it openly is a rabid suffragist. If she were not a natural outcaster the feeling of the best set here, the duchess would have a great deal to say on the subject. It is she who has made so ardent a suffragist of her mother. Mrs. Belmont, some time ago, told one of the leaders of the movement on this side that she was disgusted with the apathy of the majority of her own countrywomen in regard to female suffrage in America. She is of opinion that if the suffrage was granted to women in England, Americans would then become more enthusiastic about it on their own behalf.

BECOMING A SPEAKER.
Mrs. Belmont is becoming a good speaker. She took lessons at Sunderland House in oratory from the same teacher who made so accomplished a speaker of her daughter. No doubt, however, both ladies had a natural "gift of the gab," but they would not deny that they owe something to art. When she was last in London, Mrs. Belmont told people that she would have liked to have gone to jail for an experience and to prove her entire conviction, but it was impossible, owing to her daughter's position. Consequently she had to be unselfish and forego her desire.

Of all the American men who visit this side, Frederick Townsend Martin, a brother of Mr. Bradley Martin of Baltimore—is undoubtedly the most popular. Interesting bachelors who, from time to time, have held posts at the American embassy, have been given this distinction. I think, if of vote were taken the honor would be found to rest with Mr. Martin. First and foremost he is a royal good sort and when he does entertain he does it like a prince. Then he has always some surprise in the way of a new dance or a new supper dish with which to regale his guests. When he gives a party in London he thinks nothing of bringing some new artist from Paris or Berlin and engaging a special train for

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